A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

A hundred years to come?

A hundred years to come?

A hundred years to come;

A hundred years to come;

A hundred years to come.

No living soul for us shall weep,

But other men our land shall till,

And others then our streets will fill.

And bright the sunshine, as to day,

A DREAM.

as given by Melchior Adam, we have the fol-

lowing beautiful and striking account of an

monk, he dreamed; and it seemed as if he

but of that he was not permitted to taste: then

he refreshed himself than he was led away by

precious wounds had poured the living water

plain covered with waving grain. His guide

lers him to join this laborer, and, seizing a

sickle, shows him how to proceed. Again, the

guide led him to a hill. He surveys the vast

plain beneath him, and, wondering, asks how

ong it will take to reap such a field with so few

laborers? "Before winter the last sickle must

be thrust in," replied his guide. "Proceed with

all your might. The Lord of the harvest will

send more reapers soon." Wearied with his

labor, Myconius rested for a little. Again the

red in form. The guide laid his hand on My-

conius, saying: "You must be conformed to

him." With these words the dreamer awoke.

But he awoke to a life of zeal and love. He

found the Saviour for his own soul, and he

went forth to preach of him to others. He took

was reaped before the winter came. The les-

son to us is, thrust in your sickles. The fields

are white, and they are wide in compass; the

vest waves; and through grace we shall go

forth with our sickles, never to rest till we

shall lie down where the Lamb himself shall

lead us, by the living fountains of waters, and

where God shall wipe off the sweat of toil from

our weary foreheads, and dry up all the tears

of earth from our weeping eyes. Some of us

are young and fresh; many days may yet be, in

the providence of God, before us. These must

be days of strongous, ceaseless, persevering, and, if God bless us, successful toil. We shall labor

AT NIGHT.

It is night now, and here is home. Gathered

under the quiet roof, elders and children lie

alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace

and calm, the stars look out from the Heavens.

The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful

remorses for sins and shortcomings, memories

of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their

graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes,

as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased

to shine. The town and the fair landscape

sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the

autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a

light keeps watch, here and there, in what may

e a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls

sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and

heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my

room through the sleeping house, and feel as

though a hushed blessing were upon it,-

"I hold my Sunday school in a lo house,

are split sapplings, with supports under them;

our library case. There was no Sunday school

there when I came; but I found it was needed

you had any?' 'Not since last night.' And

when I asked the small boy: 'Do you drink

of their parents. So I started a Sunday school

school, and pour out his Spirit upon it. The

And God was pleased to bless the Sunday

children were made to feel they were sinners.

and to come to Christ; and during the summer

NOBLE DOING.

"Be good, my dear, and let who will be clever.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long;

And so make life, death, and the vast Forever

A HINT TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS .- A VERY

THE FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN. - Tycho Brahe,

reverse of what it should be.

verted.

and two sticks pressed into the chinking, be

day school work as follows:

till we are worn out and laid to rest.

leave us to toil alone.

And other words will sing as gay,

A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,

Who'll tread you church with willing feet,

And childhood with his brow of truth-

Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,

The rich and poor, on land, on sea,

Where will the might, millions be,

We all within our graves shall sleep,

AUTHOR OF "THE GARRIES."

[CONCLUDED.] He he gave me a second and longer look. I was so completely exhausted by my day's exertion, and famished by my long abstinence, that I could not speak. I poured out a glass of

wine and drank it. "Good Heavens," exclaimed Gus, starting up from the table and laying his hand on my wet coat, "Man, where have you been? Drowned, ch? Why, you are pale as a ghost. What on earth is the matter with you-you've had no dinner, or something like it; sit down.

"No. No. Gus," I replied, "I cannot. I left Maria Walton in a most dangerous situation. Walton is mad as a March hare, and she is exposed to the greatest danger."

"Then there is a pair of them," responded Gus. "I suspected something of the kind was often, however, went alone. Sometimes we the matter with him, from the day he refused that roll and real Bologna. As for Maria, you remember what I told you about her refusing

"Gus, you are talking nonsense," I said, in patiently. "You seem incapable of receiving one idea into your addled head, disconnected with something to eat. I assure you Maria is in imminent danger, and unless you can render me some assistance in rescuing her, I must seek it elsewhere. It would be murder, worse than murder, to leave her where she is." I then detailed to him, hurriedly as I could, the events

Gus was, at the conclusion, fully roused to the necessity of immediate action. He proposed securing the assistance of D'Oyen, whom he undertook to call, whilst I went to secure Dr. Saddler and a hoat, with necessary instruments to force an entrance into the house. The old Dr. got quite into a figit on hearing my statement. He smiled at the idea of Walton being mad, and related instances illustrating the singular accuteness of maniacs, and the success they often achieved in assuming the appearance of sanity; also their proneness to charge others with the very affliction of which they were themselves the victims.

I pointed out to him that I thought Walton was then actually illustrating his statement : that whilst himself insane, he had been only too successful in inducing others to believe that it was his wife who was afflicted.

At last he consented to accompany me, and with the air of a martyr, drew on his overcoat for the expedition. We then sallied out together to procure boat and crew.

The sky was still very lowering, occasiona heavy gusts of wind indicated a probable re-

turn of the squalls. Reward, entreaty, promises-everything except threats, which would be useless and unavailing, were they freely lavished to procure boatmen willing to put out at once to sea. At last we succeeded in this; then we again experienced difficulty in procuring crow-bars with which to effect an entrance in case Walton refused us admittance. Thus the night was with gusty violence, and rendered it dangerous to put up our sail, so we had no resource but

to row the whole distance, which made it nearly daylight ere we reached the shore of the island. I proposed that I should first reconnoiter the premises, to ascertain if an entry could not be secured without force. I thought that if Walton only saw myself he might be induced to permit my ingress. I could then be guided by circumstances in opening the way for the rest. I knocked loudly at the grated door several times. At last Walton cried out from one of the windows above:

"Who is there?" " Philip Braham," I answered. "Philip Braham, a most unexpected pleasure. You are very early; wait a minute, I will come

down and let you in." Several moments elapsed, still I heard no movement toward the door. I grew impatient, still I did not like to knock again. Five minutes more; still no one came. I walked from the doorway to look up at the window; still no one visible. Overcome by impatience I knocked again, and was startled at hearing a maniacal laugh and cry of "Find her! find her!!" from Walton, who had erept silently out the side door and over the rocks, down which he had glided, entered his boat, and pushed out to sea. For a few seconds I was taken aback by the tern affairs had made. I clambered around to find it fast locked. I then hurried to our boat to get the assistance of my companions. We hastened to the house, and called aloud to Maria, without receiving any reply; the silence

Where was Maria? We now commenced our endeavors to open the door, which stoutly resisted all our efforts, and we had been a long time at work upon it when we were startled by a piercing scream;

a scream replete with agony and terror. It fairly made my blood curdle. "Save me! Oh, God! is there no one to save me ?"-it was Maria's voice. We plied the pick and crowbar perseveringly at the same time calling to Maria that we would

soon reach her. "Come, oh, come!" she cried frantically: "they are upon me. The snakes-the snakes. They twine around me. They sting me. Help,

We worked like giants, and at last the doorway was forced open. It was so dark within that at first we found it difficult to grope our

way about. We were guided more by Maria's screams than our sight.

the chamber above. We swiftly mounted to turned away from the grating and descended the upper story, where a sight met our eyes the stairs. that almost petrified us with horror. Our progress was here arrested by a heavy

oak door, in the upper panel of which an iron grating had been let in, through which we gazed at an appalling spectacle.

There stood Maria, her tangled hair hanging in masses over her bare shoulders; eyes starting from her head, whilst she frantically tore from her half-naked form the venemous snakes that darted at and clung to her.

Ere we reached her, terror seemed to have frozen her tongue. She was incapable of ber to find evidences that he had been in my speech. With a look of ghastly horror on her face that will haunt me untill my dying day, she ceased her efforts, stretched out her arms imploringly to us, then sank upon the ground, amidst the venemous serpents that coiled, twined, and hissed as they writhed over and above her.

In an instant we were at work, beating down the door, and soon succeeded in forcing our en trance into this chamber of horrors.

A sharp, dangerous battle of a few moments, and such of the snakes as did not escape lay dead or disabled about us. We lifted Maria from where she lay. She was now quite insensible; bitten, too in several places by the

venemous reptiles that lay around. The odor from the snakes was rauseating in the extreme. We carried her to the doorway, where the air was purer. She did not, however, then revive, but gave indications of suf-

fering in heavy groans. Search discovered to us other rooms well furnished. On a sofa in one of these we

placed her. Dr. Saddier looked at the haggard face, his fingers the while upon her pulse.

"If I could get oil or coffee to give her. either might afford her temporary relief. She may revive, but live, never. She has been bitten in twenty places. Her case is hopeless.

D'Oven went hastily in search of some coffee or oil. He soon returned with a cup of the latter. Dr. S. forced several spoonfulls down her throat. Gus, assisted by the fisherman I had seen the previous day, who had unexpectedly made his appearance, found and assisted in preparing some coffee.

At length she seemed to revive, and mouned as if in great agony. Opening her eyes she stared wildly about her for a few seconds, then

shricked with pain. "Oh, can no one relieve me ? Can you not give me something to relieve me from this aw- I loved him." ful agony? The snakes! The snakes! Save me from them! Save me. Oh, this pain. Do something for me-for God's sake do something for me." With an effort she started up only to fall back exhausted upon her pil-

Some hours after this she rallied, but there

was plainly written on her face, that unmistakable aspect of coming death. We raised

her up, and propped her about with pillows, then, after she had rallied, with many a painful effort she told her frightful story. TWO WOLVES AND A LAMB. "Walton was most kind to me until we came to Cannes, then he grew moody and melancholy, exhibiting inequalities of temper that I never knew him to display before. He had strange vagaries too, at least I then thought them so. I committed many extravagancies to humor his uncertain temper, and to prevent others from noticing his conduct toward me. I know now that was part of his plan; that he induced me to misrepresent myself. that I might be thought deranged. I see it

all now. Why was I then so blind? "At last he persuaded me to come to this is land to reside in this dreary ruin. He said that he hated society, and that when we were alone together, we should be as happy as before. I came. I did come reluctantly for I had a sort of dread, an undefined apprehension of evil to grow out of it.

"Ah, doctor, do you not remember, you, too, prevailed upon me. Said it would be for his good. He has duped you also. Do not turn away or look so grieved. You did it for the best-I know you did.

"Each day, after he came here, he would go out in the boat-sometimes he took me. He would meet others on the water, who, if they spoke to me, did so in a kind, pitying tone that I could not understand. Now I know they thought me mad.

"One day I observed a small vessel lying off the shore, from which they landed, with great care, several boxes. After that no servants would remain at night. They would not tell me why. They slept in the hut at the extreme end of the island. At last they would not stay here at all. Still no reason why.

"One day Walton was up stairs arranging the 100m in which you found me. He was so kept him. He met me upon the stairway and playfully refused to let me ascend further, saying he had a surprise in store for me. For several days he spent hours there alone, and during these days he revived all the tender gaiety of our honeymoon. On the last evening he was surpassingly kind. When our servant left in the evening, (for they had all now left our service except one,) he insisted on my taking a glass of Vin Chartruse.

After it I remember feeling so drowsy that I could not undress without difficulty. My head I found myself a prisoner in the room from which you delivered me. Alas? too late. For some moments I was completely bewildered. and sat looking about me. On three sides of the room, were cages filled with hissing writhing snakes, on the fourth, a likeness of Laura, painted by himself, about her arm was coiled a snake. I started up in horror. I endeavord to open the door. It was fastened. I cried out hand, spell every word correctly. in terror, no answer I shouted, screamed ; no one came, my heart sank each moment lower and lower, crushed by its burthen of fears, its frightful presentment of comming horrors yet by dread of the venomous reptiles, that reared their scaly heads, and hissed behind the close net-work of their cages. I suddenly remembered, I cannot tell why, but it flashed across surrounding the murderer, with such associacould never for one instant, in his waking moments separate himself from a memory of his crime. The snakes, the likeness of Laura, the

result of a long premeditated plan of revenge upon me, for my involuntary yet fatal agency in the death of Laura. All was now explained. His seeming love was but a ruse to get me completely in his power, to separate me from my family that he might the more easily secure my distruction and minister to his unnatural thirst for vengence. The jail-like appearance of the chamber, our isolation on this solitary reason to be thankful. Island all. all too apparent. I gave myself up for lost, and lost I am. Here a paroxysm of pain more intense than those that had so often silenced the broken voice in which she related her sad story, caused her to stop abruptly. To the Editor of the New Era: Great beads of water gathered upon her waxen brow. She seemed choking. We thought it her last struggle, but she rallied, and in a weak the New Era, I continue the illustration of voice continued. At length Walton made his appearance at the grating, Oh! my God, what malignant joy. What fiendish exultation his face displayed. At last "said he in a tone of concentrated hate. "At last !" I now no longer need wear a mask. Now wreched woman the door from which he had emerged, only to know me as I am. One who never forgets, who

"never forgives." Oh! Walton "I replied calmly as I could, in my endeavor to feign a belief in the idea that he was amusing himself with my terror. "Do within was most suspicious and alarming. let me out. I have been long enough a pris-

> "I never joke" said he in an awfully calm voice, whilst his eyes fairly scintilated with malice. Do not endeavor to deceive yourself. I am terribly in earnest. Your presence there is the result of a long mediated plan for your punishment and to avenge her. "Here he pointed to where hung the likeness of Laura.', In this room you will live day after day until you die. Be it years, months, or days. I will leave no means untried to keep you where you are. You shall live without one thing to with. draw your remembrance from your crime, or what you term your misfortune. Crime or misfortune, which ever it may be here is to be the scene of its expiation. You cannot escape. The world believes you mad-ask heaven, as a blessing, that you may soon be really so."

"Walton are you human?" I cried can you worthy; so go into the streets and lanes, and immure me here. Tell me that it is but for a little while. That there is some hope.

At length we discovered at the further end of the room a flight of stone steps leading to he answered—"no hope! It is just." He show they asked to the wedding feast. How surprised the people must have been!

ignorant peasants regard the insane. He told them I was mad, and they believed him; so go to the king's palace? I'm not fit. My they shunned me. Each day Walton brought me my food, and would turn from me without uttering a word, deaf to my frantic entreaties for release. Now and then I saw fishermen amongst the ruins. I have grown so haggard and wild in appearance that I do not wonder they thought me mad. Walton must have drugged my drink, for I would wake from slumroom to feed the venomous torments by which I was surrounded. Thus the days passed hopelessly, wearily away, until you came, and hope once more beamed in upon me. Oh! how miserable I had been-how deeply wretched! Oh! unutterably wretched! Your face inspired me with new life. In the evening, when he re- mind to try; when he gets to the very door, turned, with his wonderful penetration he at the soldiers tells him it is all right, he may go once discovered that something had occurred in. And then he is shown the bath-room, to brighten me. My hopes must have been

written on my face. "Who has been here?" he asked. I would not reply.

"Some one has communicated with you,"

I denied having spoken to anyone, dreading he should find some means to debar me from succour, place me beyond the help I felt sure you would bring. I heard him leave the house; presently he returned, unlocked the grate and took away my caraffe to fill it with water. When he returned he held up a glove before the man say? He knew he ought to have had teachers in bringing forward bold and talkative me, simply said "Liar!" and turned away. I heard him through the night moving through ing, and that he did not need to give any money which are shy and reserved, is directly the go to heaven?" Virtue to them like gold to the house. I could not sleep. I was torn with for it. He could say nothing at all. Then the expectation, with dread and hope. With fever- king said to his servants, Take this man and ish thirst I drank some water. I soon fell asleep, and woke to find those loathsome horrors writhing and creeping over me. Just then you came. Too late! Too late! God

help me-I must die! I feel it-I must die! She now spoke with infinite difficulty. She was frightfully swollen. For awhile she lay motionless; then, with an expiring effort, she raised herself partially upon her elbow, her eyes glazed with approaching death, she whis-

"Do not let them harm him. He must be mad; and, after all, I drove him to it. Do not his wicked angels live. Do you wish to sit same word spoken. Marshal Saxe, who met harm him; only remember how I loved him down at the marriage supper of the Lamb? and overthrew opposing armies, fled and

sigh, then death. Search was immediately instituted for Wal-

ton. Two weeks after his boat was found, bottom upward, upon the rocks near Capru, and beneath the clear, bright waters his lifeless body.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

A HERO.

BY MARY E. MACKINTOSH. Perhaps you think a hero A man of giant might, A warrior in armor, A champion for the right. Who through the world goes boasting That wrong shall be no more : The glory of whose exploits

Is sung from shore to shore. In olden time a hero Was such a man, I know He went to battle aided By javelin and bow. You all have heard of Ajax. Of Priam's valiant son, And of the great Achilles, Who many battles won.

But now to be a hero Is quite another thing; And he who earns the title Is nobler than a king. 'Tis he who follows duty, Who scorns to be untrue : Who's guided by his conscience. Not by what others do.

And you may be a hero,

By doing all you can

To free the world from error.

And aid your brother man.

And though no blast of trumpet

Your greatness may proclaim.

Mankind will breathe your name. LITERARY RECREATIONS.

With heartfelt benedictions

One afternoon in the summer of 1868, when the Scientific Congress, over which Agassiz sat long there that I went up to ascertain what as President, had adjourned from the day's discussion, the following sentence was proposed by a member as a test of the proficiency in spelling of his confreres in science, who, as is well known, numbered almost all the leading philosophers of the continent. Of all present, not one is said to have come out of the ordeal prodigious effort, as if he were determined to unscathed-the smallest number of mistakes | reap the whole field himself. The guide ormade being three:

"It is agreeable to perceive the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed peddler, gauging searcely touched my pillow ere I slept. The the symmetry of a peeled pear, which a sibyl wine must have been drugged. When I awoke pierced with a poignant poniard, jeopardizing the innuendoes on the pillars which the caterpillars with separate tongues resuscitated in the Elysian fields.

The undersigned has the honor to present the following specimen of a similar character, with the confident belief that there is not an individual in Washington city, who can, off-

The unerring perspicuity of an unfulfilled chirography which has for its hyperbole an nnsophisticated parallelogram, made symmetriunseen. My fright and agony was augmented cal by incomparable hieroglyphics, is only equalled by the hemorrage of a philbotomized turaip, materially eccentric in its elliptical orbit, reverberating with inconceivable volume just then, the discussion we had in Paris.
You recollect Mr. Braham, that murder of ble, when uniquely syllogistic, and classically ble, when uniquely syllogistic, and classically ones toiling there already. In other years we ble, when uniquely syllogistic, and classically ones toiling there already. It was a very timid rin at the door-bell, and ble, when uniquely syllogistic, and classically ones toiling there already. refused us admittance. Thus the night was far spent ere we started. The wind still blew of a fitting punishment, or revenge; that of tion, or balanced irresistibly perpendicula tions as would keep alive in his memory a re- upon a preceding parallelopiped, paraphrased membrance of his guilt, so environ him that he from a blossoming pomegranate, beautified by multifarious colorings, evanescent in proportion to the resuscitating analysis of a symbolized barred windows, and grated door hurried me to architect, whose adolescence has been jeoparthe appalling conclusion, that this was the dized by a conglomerated individuality, rabidly

irascible and systematically hypochondriae It will afford amusement to any one desiring to try his efficiency as a speller, to cut this out, and let some member of his family give out the words one by one to be written down; and if only amusement is afforded, he will have good

Sunday Schools.

According to promise in last week's issue of model Sabbath school teaching:

"Before I tell it you, as you are rather tired, you may stand up for a little while. After the children had gone through some manual exercises, and sung part of the hymn "There's rest for little Children," the lesson

was resumed.

"Well," Jesus said, "once there was a king who made a wedding supper for his son, and invited some people to go to it. When the supper was quite ready he sent his servants to call them and tell that the meats were cooked, and that they were to come to the marriage; but the people would not go. So he sent again, but still they would not go. One was a farmer. and said, 'Oh, I can't go; I must go and see after my sheep and cows;' another, who was a Thackeray. tradesman, said, "I've no time to go, I must go and sell my things.' They did not care for the great honor of having supper with the | ng at his palace. The others behaved worse : for they treated the king's servants very cruely. and then killed them. Oh! how angry the king was when he heard of their wicked behavior! Some time after he sent an army of soldiers against them, who killed these murderers, and burned the city in which they had lived. As tween the logs, with a board across them, make these people who were first invited would not go, the king said to his servants, 'The wedding is ready, but those whom I invited were not

as many as you find ask to the wedding." They went out into the streets, and as many Very likely there was a poor beggar to whom the servants said, "The king invites you to times.' Then I began with the eldest again : she proved herself so faital that a good place You know the superstitious terror with which gnorant peasants regard the insane. He told would say, "Are you making fun of me? I have you had any?" 'Not since yesterday She grew up a usefulefficial to be a secured for her at serie. clothes are dirty and ragged." Then the servant would answer him and say, "We do mean what we say; it is all quite true; if you do but wish to go you may, and when you get to the palace, the king will give you all you need to make you fit to sit down at his table." I think I hear the poor beggar say to himself, "Well, I'm sure I want a good supper; I'm hungry enough, for I've had very little all the day. I'll go and see if it's all true." So away he goes, feeling rather afraid, and when he gets to the fine steps leading up to the door, and sees the soldiers standing before it, his heart beats very thirteen or fourteen of them have been confast, and he almost thinks he must turn back. However, he is so hongry that he makes up his

where he can wash, and then a white weddingrobe is given to him, and now he feels fit to sit down to supper. who come are first made fit, and then go into the supper-room and take their places forward child is very liable not to fulfill the iquities tramp and are he repeated, "I am sure of that. Tell me at the table. All but one, who will not take a expectations which its infancy and youth may not: perhaps he thinks his own clothes are into affectation and self-conceit, and its temper lose a wheel he would over. It is like good enough. However that may be, in he and disposition are not uncommonly rendered traveling on a mountain id, near a precipiee. goes to supper without the white robe. Pre- perverse by indulgence; on the contrary, a diffisently the king comes in, and soon he looks at | dent child who appears awkward, and is what | that if your wagon breaklown, there is room

this man and says, 'Friend, how is it you came is commonly called unlucky, is liable to be spoilt enough between you ande precipice. Othin without a wedding garment? What could by severity. The conduct of many parents and erwise you cannot be sa one; he knew he could have had it for the ask- children, and checking and brow-beating those on this principle: "Heconomically can I tie his hands and feet, and cast him outside.' They did so, and then the man found himself outside in the dark, cold street; he could hear under him on meeting a hare or a fox. Dr. that it shall cost them more virtue than the sweet music, he could see the bright light dreadful darkness of hell, where the devil and rand trembled and changed color on hearing the

The children were then questioned on the one he would shriek out in distress and agony. esson, and the following hymn was sung :

"Come, Holy Spirit, come! O hear an infant's prayer; Stoop down and make my heart Thy home, And shed Thy blessings there.'

TEMPERANCE. BUSHY WISDOM.

I once knew a little girl who was called Bushy Wisdom. Her real name was Lizzie Bounce. When her baby brother first learned to talk, he used to try to pronounce the word Lizzie, and could'nt do it. He would get it Bushy every time. This made all the family laugh and fall to calling her Bushy too, until

the name grew to her. She was quite a talker for a little miss, and fond of theorizing and giving her opinions, some of which were amusing and original. Hence her cousin Royal surnamed her Wisdom, and her playfellow took it up, because it had a funny sound, and called her Bushy Wisdom. One day she walked leisnrely into the room where her mamma and sister Bessie were sitting, and seating herself in the large arm-chair. said, with a thoughtful air : In the life of Myconius, the friend of Luther,

"I suppose a prayer and a letter are very "What do you mean by that?" asked Bessie.

"Well, I will tell you," she replied. "When you want something of somebody you know, event which proved the turning point in his history, and led him to devote his energies to who lives a great way off, you write a letter and asked them for it, don't you?" the cause of Christ. The first night that he entered the monastery, intending to become a "Yes, Bushy."

"Then a prayer and a letter are alike, ain't was ranging a vast wilderness alone. Sudden- they

"Of course; but I didn't quite understand ly a guide appeared, and led him onwards to a most levely vale, watered by a pleasant stream; your first remark. Bushy sat perfectly still for 4 few minutes to a marble fountain of pure water. He tried with her eyes fixed upon a bright flower in the to kneel and drink; when, lo! a crucified carpet. Royal ran into the room with a paper Saviour stood forth to view, from whose wounds | hat on his head, and upset his nama's workgushed the copious stream. In a moment his basket, in his haste to find a string to fix his guide flung him into the fountain. His mouth kite "right off." He was one of those boys have the stamps before the mails (males) will met the flowing wounds, and he drank most who seem to think that the world and all the take them. sweetly, never to thirst again ! No sooner was people and things in it were made for their special convenience. But the little girl was so much absorbed in her own thoughts, that she his guide to be taught what great things he was yet to do for the crucified One whose did not even see him. Presently see said :

"When your letter is finished, and you rebegin with P. S., don't you?" Yes, Bushy.

orders him to reap. He excuses himself by "Then after you have prayed a prayer and saving that he is wholly unskilled in such labor. What you know not you shall learn," was amened, if you think of some more wants to pray about, must you say P. S. too?" the reply. They came nearer, and he saw a solitary reaper toiling at the sickle with such

"Why do you want to know trat?" asked her sister Bessie.' "Because I have been up-stairs, and prayed for a little Maltese kitten, just like the one over to Mrs. Green's house, but forgot to say, 'Thy will be done,' and I am a raid God will think I was impolite, and meant to have it whether it was right I should or not. I want ship in possession. to ask him to excuse me, and sell him to do just as he likes about it. If there are lots of kittens that have got no place to live in, I should be pleased with one, and I want it to have a little white spot beween its cars But crucified One was at his side, wasted and mar- His will be done, you know. Is it as wicked to be careless as to be selfsh, do you think?" Bushy's mamma laid aide her work, and, taking her little girl in he lap, talked long and carnestly with her on the subject. What do you think she said? I ak every one of my

ple, and toiled with him in the vast field, till had been Bushy's mammahow would you have laborers arose on every side, and the harvest expressed your ideas on the subject? From the Youth's Temerance Banner.

sing through the hall.

ONLY A BIGGAR.

A sorry little figure sted there in the frost the whole field alone. Let us join ourselves to autumn morning. No londer the blue hand such men, and the Lord of the harvest will not touched the bell-pull thidly. At so many doors she had met with harsh repuises, with "When do you intend to stop? was the quesangry words for the trable she had made, tion once put by a friend to Rowland Hill. while not a syllable of he petitions would they 'Not till we have carried all before us," was terr. "Only a beggar and the door was the prompt reply. Such is our answer too. slammed in her face. The fields are vast, the grain whitens, the har-

But one glance into the gentle, pitying face awoke a new hope in thewretched little heart. She was just beginning be request when Alice. with a little welcoming sture, said :

"Come into the fire, per child." There was a heart within which his been taught by the he has done his best. Spirit of God.

Poor Jennie followed er in, taking care to wipe the old water-soald shoes neatly upon the door-mat. Half bealdered, she took her seat as directed by the glwing fire, and spread her benumbed fingers ov its cheering warmth. A good breakfast of whosome food and a cup a new light. A few love words brought out | ciliation. the whole history. It we the old, old story of a drink-cursed home. (ce a neat cottage in the country, now a desole room in a tenementhouse in town.

"Could you come to Sbath-school, Jennie, if you had suitable clother; but he would be sure to sethem.' to think what the money ould go for.

"Could you not hide thm somewhere?" "I might in Aunt Nanie's room. She is kind to me, and her roomas a good door with

a holt to it.' It required much schaing to perfect the plan, but Miss Alice ner stopped at half rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the measures. She had a sotto save, and a character to form for usefuless or wretchedness here and hereafter. Shanade her as comfortable as she could, andent her away with food for her mother in hebasket, and a dear. SUNDAY SCHOOLS .- A Western man writes to bright look full of sweet rds for young hearts the New York Independent of his pioneer Sunhid in her bosom. But i glowing cover was not half so bright as the lessed sunshine in her heart, lighted by the words of kindly without any windows to it; only a hole knocked sympathy. Such words Is been like angels' out at one end to let in the light. Our seats

visits to the poor child. No wonder they were rized. Now a hope rose in her heart of someny rising from her present wretched level.

couragements in her way But her heart was very much. Meeting three boys -one fourteen, set on continuing in her uncay school; and one ten, and the other about six years of age - so she persevered. It waser one hope of ele- this world yesterday, full of fe-e ar of the I said to the eldest: 'Do you chew tobacco?' vation above her presentark surroundings, Lord and dropse-e-y on the chist." 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'sometimes.' I said to and though she knew it a that morning she the next: 'Do you chew tobacco?' 'Yes, sir, came to Miss Alice's do was the turningsometimes.' I said to the little fellow: 'And point in her life. Miss he's interest in the do you chew tobacco, too?' 'Yes, sir, some- drunkard's child never wered, and in time She grew up a usefu efficient, lady-like morning.' To the next boy I said: 'Do you woman; and all because that loving, helpful drink whisky, too?' 'Yes, sir.' 'When have hand held out to her wn she was only a beggar child. Oh! there e germs of a better

life in these poor childre which we pass with whisky?' and he had answered: 'Yes, sir; but such averson and indifferce. Who will help I haven't had any since this morning," my soul to transplant them into aetter soil and train was stirred up, and I determined—God helping them to be beautiful plat in the garden of me—to save these children from the evil example | God?

To Near TLine.

There are men who live near to cheating, that though they do not ean to cheat, circumstances cannot bend in without pushing them over. There are my men who are like an apple tree in my gard, whose trunk and roots, and two-thirds of e branches are in the garden, and one-thirof whose branches are outside of the gardenill. And there are many men whose trunk il roots are on the side of honesty and uprimess, but are living half you notis. One grand sweet song." [Chas. Kingsley.] so near the garden wall it they throw their boughs clear over into thhighway, where in-It is never safe for a m to run so near to wedding garment; I can't tell you why he will have excited. It is often caressed and flattered the line of right and we, that if he should

You should keep so farom the precipice, There are a great mannen who are pious

a traveller; and they sa "Now I want to spend just as little as In. I want to make this voyage just as chear as possible." Men the astronomer, changed color and his legs shook | mean to get to heaven t they do not mean Johnson would never enter a room with his they can possibly help everything that the the sweet music, he could see the bright light shirting from the windows, but he was outside. The door was shut. He could not get in again because he had not on a wedding garment.

"If you or I, dear children, gould get into Heaven without a wedding garment—in other words, a white robe—we too should have to be taken away and cast outside Heaven into the devil and never enter a room with his did get foremost. If, by mistake, it did get world will allow them that the world will al ment to be cast over intarkness .- Beecher.

Suggestions to pastor Be often in the Sunand how he suffered. Tell him that to the last I loved him."

Then you must go and ask the Holy spirit to wash your souls quite clean with the precious Her voice died away in an inarticulate murmer; her head sank slowly, one long-drawn

Then you must go and ask the Holy spirit to wash your souls quite clean with the precious bridge; though he tried to master the terror, her head sank slowly, one long-drawn

Then you must go and ask the Holy spirit to screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter wash your souls quite clean with the precious bridge; though he tried to master the terror, her head sank slowly, one long-drawn

The bild wash your souls quite clean with the white bridge; though he tried to master the terror, her failed to do so, and whenever he set foot on precious memory to the imid child. Hold children's meetings. Them something in Byron would never help any one to salt at the each service adapted spelly to them-if nothtable, nor would he be helped himself; if any ing more than a word recognition. Give lambs of the flock.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

"Hurry, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger; "hurry, it's leaking." Chrysostom was goldened-mouthed, as the name in Greek implies. We have a goldenmouthed orator of the present age. Polymnia,

in supplying his labial organs with eloquence, said briefly, "Fill, lips!" A Mississippi negro worked on shares, but got "nuffin," "because," said he, "I worked for the seventh, and we only made de fifth;—

crop short." The statesman who, often standing on a mountain in advance of his party, has for years much to exclude domestic animals, including aroused and called forth the country to duty man. by his commanding voice-the successful Sum-

"Come, darling, it is bed-time. All the little chickens have gone to bed."-" Yes, mamman, so has the old hen.'

The lettered editor of the New York Inde pendent, we learn, has been engaged in tilting with the opposers of women's rights. Let him

A vender of quack medicines perpetrates the following atrocious conundrum: In what does Queen Victoria take ber pills? In eider. (In-Every public speaker is credited with a char-

cteristic intonation. Some like this one's tone, some that : as for us we like Lucy's tone. Letters, like fashionable young ladies, must

Puzzle.-When you put on your stockings why are you sure to make a mistake? Ans .-

Because you must put your foot in it. An independent man is said to be one who into his soul. He came to a wide stretching member some more you want to write, you can live without whiskey and tobacco, and mer. A pole pruning implement of some kind shave himself with brown soap and cold water, is convenient for this.

A London merchant recently advertised for

Love is like a hunter, who cares not for the game when once caught, which he may have pursued with the most intense and breathless eagerness Love is strenger in pursuit, friend-

Don Piatt says: "I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She was enormous, but the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twiight, one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things; I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I another fellow courting her on the left flank. I allow. The underground shoots, which will little readers to guess. You are doubtless as was indignant, and upraided her for her form the canes of next season, start very early, his place by the side of that noble reaper, Mar | wise as Bushy Wisdom, all if you chance to be treachery in thus concealing from me another and likely to be injured if the setting is left tin Luther. He was stimulated by his exam- a little older, you are projably wiser. If you love. She laughed at my conceit, as if she until late were not big enough to have two lovers at | Strawberries may be planted in those locali-

> Here is one of the latest Western utterances. and it is the practics of which it speaks. Listen:

"Great western waste of bottom land, Fat as a pancake, rich as grease. Where gnats are full as big as toads,

"Oh! lonesome, windy, grassy place, Where buffaloes and snakes prevail; The first with dreadful looking face. The last with dreadful sounding tail. "I'd rather live on Camel's rump,

And be a Yankee-doodle beggar,

Than be where I could never see a stump, And shake to death with fever and ager. Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is excellent lotion for both sprains and bruises.

There is no eloquence like that of a heart burning with the love of Christ; such a heart

speaks in words of flame. T. Jackson. Two Christians had quarrelled in the morning; in the evening one of them sent a note to the other: "Brother, the sun is going down! of delicious coffee made I the world glow with Nothing further was needed to effect a recon-

> A Quaker lady recently explained to her new Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't | it time to explain. "I feed the grease and fat go to be washing every other day—not she. "Patrick, do you know the fate of the drunk-

"Yes, ma'am, if I migt keep my clothes: ard?" "Fate! Don't I stand upon the most She blushed | beautiful pair you have ever seen?

should have a new one every year.'

Life! we've been long together. Through pleasant and through cloudy weather Tis hard to part when friends are dear, Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time: Say not good night, but in some brighter clime

Bid me good morning! At a session of the Massachusetts House one day, a little, bald-headed man, with a thin

voice, interrupted the business by a persistent "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speeker!" till final It was up-hill work, armany were the dis- ly gaining the floor he piped out tremulously Mr. Speaker, I want 'ter announce the death of Pelitiah Parkins. Brother Parkins departed

> Some boys in Cincinnati stole the bowels of them, which, however, is not of such importa hand-organ which belonged to a musician ance to them as to lighter sandy soils, it who was stone deaf. The next morning he comminutes the particles, renders clods friable, took his place and ground away as gaily as and brings a larger portion of the inorganic The by-passers appeared to like that sort of the plant.

> the shell for a while. PROVERES PRESERVED BY JOSHUA BILLINGS, Esq.—Don't swop with yure relashuns unless yu kin afford to giv them the big end of the the ground is bare, the high winds of winter

Marry young, and if sirkumstances require it, often. Be charitable-1 cent peeces were made on

Don't take anyboddy's advice but your own. It costs more to borry than it duz to bye. Ef a man flatters yu, yu kan kalkerlate that he is a roag or yn're a fule

Keep both ize open, but don't see more'n Ef yu ich for fame, go into a gravevard and skratch vurself aganste a tume stone. Yung man, be more anxshus abowt the ped-

sumboddy's going to leeve yn. The Bible Clerks

Several years ago, three clerks roomed together in this city. The first Sunday after the junior of the trio entered his new sphere, he bethought himself of the long-established custom, in the home of his childhold, of reading a portion of divine truth each morning of that day. But the presence of the other two clerks, who were room-mates, detered him from taking his Bible from his trunk, as he had the impulse to do. Yet he could not feel easy at heart. As them once, and taking care to save as much of he walked backwards and forwards, with his the gravy as possible. Serve them up with eyes now on his trunk, now on them, one of his some current jelly laid on each steak. Have ellow-clerks noticed his confusion and joked your plates set on heaters. him about it, and demanded the cause of it. | Keeping Hams in Warm Weather. - Make He frankly "owned up," and then followed a bags of unbleached cotton cloth, put the hams confession from the others, that they had all in, and then put in a layer of fine soft hay along been in the same dilemma-a fear of be- around them, so as to make a stratum of hay ing laughed at for keeping a Bible h their between the cloth and the hams. If merely trunks!

gone down into an unhonored grave.

AGRICULTURAL.



THE FARM AND THE HOUSEHOLD

Animals must be kept out of young orchards Tight fences and securely closed gates will do

Mice and Rabbits are the most troublesome among the wild animals. Tramp down the light snows around the trunks of the trees. Sprinkle blood near the base of each tree, to keep of rabbits. See item in "Basket" on the use of cornstalks for the purpose.

Cions can be cut if the trees are not frozen mark, and store in sawdust or moss in a cool

PRUNING. - Though winter pruning is object. ed to by good authorities, if we had an old orchard that needed treatment we shold go at it in winter when there is plenty of time painting over large wounds, or covering them with melted grafting wax will prevent injury from rotting. It trees are properly shaped when young it will seldom be necessary to do much

Insects.-One of the worst enemies of the orchard is the Tent-caterpillar, but it is, forth nately, one of the easiest to keep in check. The eggs may now be seen near the ends of the twigs, glued in a broad band-like cluster. Re move the eggs and there will be no caterpillars, as another crop will not be laid until next sum-

Manure may be spread upon the orenard. We sometimes see trees manured by a heap clerk who could "bear confinement." He placed directly around the trunk, where, if not received an answer from one who had been up- a positive injury, it is of no use. Spread it ward of seven years in jail. Of course, he was evenly over the surface. - American Agricut-

> Trees, and there should be only awarft ones in the fruit garden proper, will need pruning, washing with soap or lye, protection against insects, &c., and such other care as has already been suggested for trees in the orchard. Grape-Vines may be pruned when not frozen.

It frequently happens that, in the pressure of

Fruit Garden.

fall-work, the vines are left until now. If the coldest of the winter is over, go over those trimmed last fall, and remove the extra buds that were left as a precaution against the se verity of the winter. Blackberries and Rasberries should be set prose and walked round; and then I found out as early as the condition of the soil will

ties where the frost is out of the ground.

Hogs in Orchards,-If you are not partieular about the looks turn your hogs into the orchard. But keep the wire out of their snouts. Let them root to their hearts' content and mellow the soil. They are equivalent to a cultiworkers. They will meet three important things; they will work the soil, manure it of the infected fruit. This remedy, for at least two years, is advisable. Then grow sod, if you like, and your soil is rich enough. In olden times hogs were in order in orchards, and so was fruit .- American Stock

FOR A BRUISE OR BLOW. - Apply hot water a long time with wet cloths. Beef brine is an a depth and heartiness inhe tone which told of capable, and die with the consciousness that A veteran among horses claims that it will almost set a joint or heal a fracture. Wormwood or tansy lotions are also good.

Don't crowd too many fowls together. It is a great error, and is sure to breed vermin and

"Any soap-grease to-day, ma'am ?" "No. sir : I use my own soap-grease." " Make your own soap?" "No, sir." "How do you use your own soap-grease, then ?" "I make it into eggs," I said, smiling. The man looked domestic that wash day came on every Second | so astonished and half frightened that I thought

which is unfit for cooking to the chickens."

Action of the Frost on the Soil. Sandy soils are not as a rule benefited by fall plowing, and by thus being more exposed to A STUDIOUS MAN .- The wife of a studious | the action of the sun and frost than they otherman went into his library when he was reading, wise would be. This is doubtless because the and wished that she was a book, for then he organic matter which is so important in this would be more attentive to her. "I wish you class of soils is much more rapidly decomposed were an almanac," said he, "because then I and caused to disappear when thus treated. Peaty soils or those in which there is an excess of organic matter are benefitted for the same reason, and because the peat becomes less pasty or fibrous, which ever nature it has, and more granular. A very marked example of the effects of frost on some organic substances may be observed in case a crop of buckwheat intended for plowing under be caught by a severe frost. Though the crop on the field might have amounted to several tons, the frost and the decompositions which follow will reduce it to an apparently valueless mass in a very short time. Little besides the stubble is left, to appearance, and we are assured by a farmer accustomed to plowing under green crops, that not enough of value is left to pay for turning under. This we doubt, but we do believe much besides water is actually lost. The action of freezing and thawing in clayey and heavy gravelly soils is different; while destroys a portion of the organic matter in

ever, producing, of course, no audible result. part into a fit condition to be appropriated by thing, and contributed so liberally that the The beneficial action of frost is not due to troubadour divined that something must be its holding the soil in a frozen state, but to the wrong. Investigation disclosed his loss, but act of freezing; consequently, thawing is the unexpected pecuniary favor with which his almost as useful as freezing to the soil, and outbreak of silence was received inclines him this useful action takes place most in moderate to let the intestines of the thing go and run weather. In cold winter weather it is best for the soil to be covered with snow, which is well called "the poor man's manure," for the alternation of freezing and thawing is not altogether arrested by the covering of snow; while if

scatter great quantities of the finest particles

Domestic Recipes. STEAMED DREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING .-Place slices of bread and butter in the bottom of a pudding dish, a layer of sliced apples with sugar and butter, then one of apples, sugar, and spice, until the dish is full, having bread and butter at the top, buttered side down Cool

thoroughly in a steamer. PUMPKIN PIES .- Mrs. S. Hannahs, Portage igree vu're going to leeve than abowt the wun | county, Ohio, says : "Pare the pumpkin, then grate it, and add sugar and ginger to taste, and milk enough to make it of the proper consistency; then line your pie-tins with crust, put in your pumpkin, and bake in the ordinary way. After trying this once no one will, I think, wish to go back to the old way of making pies of stewed pumpkin."

VENISON STEAKS .- Cut them from the neck or haunch. Season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning

bagged, the flies will thrust ovipositors through The three Bibles were now taken out, and a the cloth and sting the meat; but the interportion of scripture was read, by turns, every posed hay keeps them off. It is a common Sunday. The practice was continued so long practice to whitewash the bags, but this is not as they remained together. The moral effect, so neat, and the bags cannot be so well used we need hardly add, was excellent. They were again. Another mode is to bury them in oats known, when the story got out, as it did some or some other grain, but they are more apt to how, as the "Bible clerks," but they were also become injured from want of ventilation. Charknown as young men of rare propriety and in- coal dust keeps the hams well, but is black and tegrity of life, and respected accordingly. disagreeable, and hard to get off. Whichever Each of them is now a millionaire, while many mode is adopted, it is of vital importance that of the article happened to be spilt on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfin- a song, or response. The church service— is hall you feed the song, or response. The church service— a young man who sneered at their piety has the work is done early in the spring, before the flies are stirring.